Classic Tiny Penis

Tommy once attempted to sell a comic book he had removed from its storage in a safe deposit box.

Smiling, proud and overtly - an apex predator with its favorite meal both cornered and unaware - confident, he had displayed the collector's item locked away in its clear polyvinyl form-fitting custom protective sleeve complete with acid-free backing board to Patty en route to the arranged buyer, careful not to let her touch, lest her inherent female ineptitude immediately detract value from his hard-won nest egg investment. Instead, one of the usual condescending lectures, including an embellished saga of the origin of his Precious, accentuating the climactic battle whose end saw the bounty wrested away from the foolish scoundrel daring to come between the hero and his desires.

In objective reality, the seller Thomas purchased what he believed to be a near mint condition X-Men #1 was most likely a young teenager who was entering puberty and decided to shift focus in their lives more actively to activities that included whatever it was they now urgently needed, not wanted, to have sex with - a condition requiring less clutter in their storage space and, unfortunately in their inexperienced minds, more currency in their sweaty pocket wads. A situation that someone who feels superior to everyone they encounter would judge to be a perfect opportunity to exploit, employing their irresistible charisma (My first Dungeons and Dragons books were the original red 1978 TSR editions with the dragon and the lone sword-wielder fighting on a huge stash of gold coins. They were well used and not anywhere near mint condition, as they were printed the year I was born.) to haggle the most opportune-for-themselves monetary exchange.

Upon reaching his destination, set to make a killing with his irreproachable panache and man-of-the-world wisdom, a horror of epic proportions unfolded before his unbelieving personage. Explained in what must have been the most irritated and condescending language - as he was clearly wasting the time of the advanced and monetarily secure collector - that what he had so cherished in its bank-rented armored security was, in fact, an extremely common issue of X-Men #1 Classic series and not what had been previously sold at an action for $35,000.

Just another quick example that had sprung to mind from the conversations held

with my missing fiance years ago. The unwarranted arrogance of his dangerously delicate egotistical facade being a key trait of abusive narcissism is one mirrored by nearly every news item relating to the current political administration in America.

I can only hope the cruel, psychopathic tendencies of both have not murdered everything I held dear in my life. They have certainly destroyed a large portion of it. This is inexcusable and must be punished permanently.